VOLUME 1.

THE WORLD'S CHANGES.

The Solemn Shadow that bears in his hands

The Solemn Shadow that bears in his hands
The conquering Scythe and the Hissa of Sands,
Paused once on his flight when the sunrise shane
On a warlike city's towers of stone;
And he asked of a panoplied soldier near
'How long has this fortressed city been here?'
And the man looked up, Man's pride on his brow—
The city stands here from the uges of old;
And as it was then, and it is now.
So it will endure till the funeral knell
Of the world be knolled.
And after a thousand years were o'er.
The Shadow paused o'er the spot once more.

And vestige was none of a city there,
But takes tay blue, and plains lay bare,
And the marshaled corn stood high and pale,
And a Shepherd piped of love in a vale.
'How' spake the Shadow, "can temple and tower
Thus fleet, like mist, from the morning hour?"
But the shepherd shook the locks from his brow—
"The world is filled with sheep and corn;
Thus was it of old, thus is it now;
Thus, too, it will be while moon and sun
Rule night and morn.

Rule night and morn.

For nature and life are one, "
And after a thousand years were o'er.

The Shadow paused o'er the spet once more.

And lot im the room of the mendow-binds,

And the raddy rays of the eventide Were gilding the skirts of a forest wide; The moss on the trees looked old, so old:

The moss on the trees looked old, so old!
And valley and hill, the ancient mould
was robed in award, an evergreen cloak;
And a woodman sung as he felled an oak.
Him asked the Shadow—"Rememberest thou
Any trace of a sea where wave those trees?"
But the woodman laughed: Said he, "I trow,
If oaks and pines do flourish and fall,
It is not smid sear.

And what saw the Shadow? A city again,

Change?
From the ages of old
Hath affliction been widening its range."

It is not smid sens;
The earth is one forest all."
And after a thousand years were o'er,
The Shadow paused over the spot once more.

And what as with pale nechanical uen, a With workhouses likel, and prisons, and marts, And faces that spake craminate hearts.

Strange picture and said was the Shadow's thought, And, turning to one of the Ghastly, he sought

For a clue in words to the When and the How

"Enough!" said the Shadow, and passed from the spot

SELECT TALE,

LAST NIGHT OF JAMES WATSON'S HONEYMOON.

The helmaman steered-the ship moved on

"Enough!" said the Shadow, and phase from the At has it is vanished, the heantful youth Of the earth, to return with no To-mornov. All changes have chaquered Morthity's lot; But this is the darkest—for Knowledge and To-Are but golden gates to the Temple of Sorrow

A ses founded far over saftron sands, And a fisher was causing his pet from a bark, And a fisher was causing his pet from a bark, "How!" marvelled the Shadow, "Where then

The A A A A She their beads knowingly Wise and former, powever, were nearly all housed by half-past eight o clock. A few stragglers were abroad, on the parade, but even these were now mostly making for home; for there are no tom-fool night haunts in

TEMPERANCE: REFORM, PUBLISHED EVERY PRIDAY. Broadstairs.
The evening had begun to draw in very fast BY CALEB CLARK, The evening had begun to draw in very last, and before I had taken many turns up and down the quaint old pier, the last gleams of day had faded from the sky. The moon, however, rose early and was nearly full, so that there was no lack of light.

I thought over my partner's letters. Many of our chief transactions had been very profitable; the trains which I had laid before I left Ben Franklin Printing House. TERMS:

All subscriptions must be accompanied with the cash, and addressed, postage paid, to CALEB CLARK, town had, as far as they had time to explode, done well; and I thought I was very happy in my marriage holiday, yet I was somewhat eager to be back again at the exciting game of BES FRANKLIN PRINTING HOUSE, Cincinnati, O. POETRY.

After I had walked for a short time, I saw another person coming up the pier; and as I did not wish to be disturbed, I turned, and sat down on the little jetty which has been thrown from the pier-head. At first I feared that he would join me.

even here, and prepared to acknowledge as surliv as I could, that it was a fine night, if he spoke to me. But he did not do so. I heard his footfall stop about the middle of the pier. I then heard him descend the rudestairs heard his footfall stop about the middle of the pier. I then heard him descend the rude stairs there, and soon after a sound as of stepping a mast in a sail-boat reached my cars. Sailsfied that he was not going to disturb my solitude. I leaned my head on my hand, and followed out the various thoughts which avose in my busy brain.

Among the many people with whom I had come into contact in the world was Affred Waters. We had once been fellow-clerks, and there had been something about him which from the first drew me to him, and made me like him better than any other of my compan-

like him better than any other of my compan

ions.

It was not his person; that was rude enough.
It was no credit to be seen walking with him,
as far as appearance went. He wanted "love's
majesty," as much as Richard did; was, in
"The degrain which ma majesty, as much as Richard dut; was, in fact, hideously ugly. The dress in which nature had clothed his mind was altogether unlike that mind. It was shocking and repulsive; his mind was, I often thought, very ad-

mirable.

I had, I say, drawn much to Affred Watars;
I had, I say, drawn much to Affred Watars; I had, I say, drawn much to Affred Watara, and acquaintsuceship had ripened into esteem and friendship. I cared little that his porson was uncouth, his head too big for his big body, his features course, his hair red, his eyes small and ferver-like, his character, as far as I could read it, was straightforward; his tastes were like my own, and his mind was deeply stored with those precious things which literature loves to give its votaries.

But a blank had suddenly and quite lately fallen on our friendship. I had crossed his path. It appeared that he had loved Lucy Hutchinson long before I knew her—loved "How!" marvelled the Shadow, "Where then is to plain?
And where be the acres of golden grain?"
But the lisher dashed off the salt aprop from his brow.
"The waters begirdle the earth alway,
The sea ever rolled as it rolleth now!
What babblest thou about grain and fields?
By night and day
Man looks for what Ocean yields."
And after a thousand years were o'er,
The shadow paused over the spot once more.

Hutchinson long before I knew her-love her deeply, too. She had never in any way encouraged his attachment, and he certainly nevers poke of it to her. But I heard that he had been set on winning her—that he had ful-ly expected to succeed in time, until my inter-ference, as he considered it, scattered his hopes

nd chances to the winds.

And whether I had shown anything like tri umph in my bearing to him, (I never made any hoast of my success in words, of that I am confident,) or whether some mutual friend had confident,) or whether some mutual friend had kindly stimulated his exasperation, he had suddenly became very cool toward me. His self-esteem was, doubtless, sorely wounded, and perhaps I should not have alinded to the subject. But I did. I songht an explanation of his caldness. He refused to give any, and from that time he avoided me as much as pos-sible.

Of the ominous change he now beheld, But the man uplifted his care-worn brow--"Change?" What was Life ever but Conflict and This would not, perhaps, have mattered much, if he had stopped there. In the whir of London life, we do not feel the want of friendship. It is, indeed, sometimes in the way; we have not time to attend to it. Bacon's statement, "that if a man have not a friend, he may as well quit the stage," does not apply in modern Babylon. An acquaint-aucc is quite as useful—often more so—quite as amusing, and more easily parted with; far more self-sacrificing, if there is any chance of

My intercourse with Alfred Waters had been pleasant, and for a time I regretted that it was broken off. But, after all, I could do very well without him; and when I found that his calmines had merged into hostility, my feelings changes alterether.

feelings changed altogether.

From a paragraph in one of my partner's letters, it seemed that my late friend had taken an offensive attitude in regard to some transections between our respective houses

Now I am not easily angered, but I am not to beltrified with. I will bear a good dea patiently; but once excited, I am not easily pacified. This conduct of Alfred Waters had been much on my mind, and now, as I reconsidered maters, the double sitting of it seemed more bitter than before, and I resolved to re-

sent it.

I was thinking—my thoughts at full gallop—on this as well as other things, as I sat on the jetty, when suddenly, as I thought, a bost came gliding round the pier, and I was hailed from it in a voice which was familiar, but whose it was I could not recollect. "James Watson, it called, "are you gam to-night?" It's just the time for

to-night?" It's just the time for a sail—s glorious breeze and a bright moon! Come will you?" And the heat was thrown up on of the wind, and the next moment was beside

The helmsman steered—the ship moved on.

Assant Marsner.

It was the evening of Thursday, the 11th of September, 1851. My dear Lucy and I had been spending the last week of our honeymoon at Broadstairs, where we had been lodging at Chandos Place; and on this, our last evening, the two Miss Frazors, old school-friends of Lucy's, who happened to be stopping at Broadstairs too, drepped in to tea.

I was not curious them, nor am I curious now, about my wife's little confidences and secrets. Females will gossip among themselves and have secrets—men have—I myself have. There are many things which I do not tell Lucy; and I can quite cheerfully allow it to be the same with fier. I despite the husbands who try to graft the Paul Pry upon the Romeo. It shows a pitiful ambition, I think, for any human being to endevor to become the depository of another's secrets, whether he calls himself priest or lover, and far worse to endeavor to become ruler, or guardian, or keeper of another's mind. Every one has a separate and independent existence; and should keep it so. Individuality nevor ceases; and whoever strives to persuade another to confess to him is, I consider, an impostor, and should he treated accordingly. Our wives do not become one and indivisible with us in spirit, because we are tied together in the body. We shall be in units after death, however we may be united here.

I thought, therefore, that Lucy might like At first I was angry at beinge disturbed; but that feeling left me in a moment. It was still blowing very fresh; there seemed a sort of romance about the invitation and the scheme altogother; above all, it was good-natured in the sailor to think of me. Yielding, therefore, to these, or other impulses—rather acting as if involuntary—I rose, stepped down, and was aboard the little graft. be united here.
I thought, therefore, that Lucy might like

be united here.

I thought, therefore, that Lucy might like to have a little private chat with her old to have a little private chat with her old was aboard the little craft.

I sat down where I could; but my companion had to get the boat into the wind once more, take a stroll after tea; and at about half mass eight o'clock, I left the house, and walked down toward the pier.

I had, however, another motive. This, as above, was the last night of our marriage trip. I was about to return to town to-morrow, and unique and fretting against it as it flew along; every thing around seemed full of life and joyous.

wished to think over a few matters relative to the world of business to which I belonged.

It had been a fine but rather boisterous day, and though the wind had now somewhat fallen, the sea still ran high. The sun had set among stormy clouds, and the weather-wise and the weather-wise and the weather-wise and the place—elecetrons and a few dim stars in the distant sky, —all clse was anddenly dark around.

CINCINNATI, O. FRI

the strange silence of the helmsman, to rouse a kind of vague terror in my heart! Who could be be?

Among the people at the little watering place, were several acquaintances. The Miss Frazers' brother was there—a wild, helter-skelter fellow. It might be Heury Frazer and thought, upon the jetty, and they had come to look for me.

I cried out. "Henry, do you think I don't know you?"

Still there was no rouse.

know you?"
Still there was no reply.
"Not such a good night for a sail as you thought," I shouted, determined that he should lear. "It would have been much better if we had not lost sight of the moon."

No answer.
"How long were your sisters to stay with Lucy?"

Lucy?"

Still no answer.

"I wish you had brought them out too." I pursued, speaking at the full pitch of my voice; we should have had some talking than. Why don't you speak, man."

Not a word.

I strained my eyes to see him. In vain,—It had, however, lifted a little from the horizon, and a few stars were to be seen beneath, but no light reached us. I could not even make out where my companion was sitting; whether in the storn or close beside me. I did not know what tackle he had for steering. make out where my companion was sitting; and editors, had taken a metaphyliscal turn, and whether in the stern or close beside me. I someone was trying to prove that our character and destiny were controlled entirely by

nearing.

It seemed as though he wished to speak, and could not. My tongue, too, appeared to be tied down in my jaws. I strove, but strove vainly to say a word. But I also sprang up from my seat, and made as though I would saven the strove them back to health.

(Signed) 'VICTOR LAMBERT, M. D.'

and steered her on toward the Good win sands. It was infamous, for I had long ago intensteed by the sat too steadily there! At tioually ill-treated my noor kinswoman.

Itirst, when I glanced at his face, and saw its "Vears before the period in question. I had

first, when I glanced at his face, and saw its repulsive features by the moonlight, and its wide open cycs, I thought there was a laugh upon it; but it was not so; the shifting of the lights and shades, by the motion of the boat, made this appearance. He was not laughing.

I looked sgain; the eyes seemed resolutely fixed on me—they appeared to glare from under their shaggy brows; but there was a rigidity about their stare which appalled me. It never altered—it never varied. It rises upbefore my mind's eyes now—I see it still.

And the thought came upon me like the lightning flash—quick, startling, frightful—that he was dead! And at every glance I gave toward him, still there seemed the same hozor written in the motionless face and in the glassy eyes—Dead!

I dared not stry my blood seemed all curided.

out the wind ble. It is it, and ever freder, as we get further from the shore; and now the allower waves gradually changed into the waves gradually changed into the wave gradually changed into the state longer and more rolling swell, which sets after stormy weather, between the Forelands.

And still the darkness was about us; darkness and silence too, save for the rushing of the vessel through the waves. I had frequently spaken, but the wind drowned my voice, or my companion would not reply.

A sense of mystery was over me—socmed to gather dimly round me; and the metion of the boat, as it plunged and sprang onward, and the strange silence of the helmsman, to rouse a kind of vague terror in my heart! Who could he be?

Among the people at the little watering place, were seen as a strange to the proper and the strange silence of the helmsman, to rouse a kind of vague terror in my heart! Who could he be?

Among the people at the little watering place, were seen as a strange as the proper and the strange as the proper and the strange as the people at the little watering and the strange as the people at the little watering and the strange as the people at the little watering and the strange as the people at the little watering and the strange as the people at the little watering and the strange as the people at the little watering and the strange as the people at the little watering and the strange as the people at the little watering and the seat. Stood up, sprang for ward, strangled against the next scat, fell to my strangle over it and was in the next among the seat, stood up, sprang for ward, strangled against the next scat, fell to my strangled availabled over the seat, stood up, sprang for ward, strangled against the next scat, fell to my strangle over it and was in the next and was in the next and was in the next and stiff; it ried to dash him and strain to people over it and was in the next and was in the next

our differences will carry us both into the Court of Common Pleas.

THE TEAR-DROP.

I never pass an evening in the green-room I never pass an evening in the green-room of a theatre without bringing away something worthy of being treasured. No matter what character we act upon the stage, here at least we lay down the role, and appear in our own proper characters. It seems as if there were some necessity imposed upon us, when behind the scenes, to throw off all disguise, and exhibit the true lights and shades of what we are and have been. Not long ago I heard a little story in the green-room of a theatre in Paris, which may possess some interest for readers beyond the circle who knew and appearing the precise of the unrator.

preciated the narrator.

The conversation shared by authors, actors

rudder firmly with one hand, he pointed with I must certainly go, and immediately. The the other to the sands, which were so fast other letter was in these words:

wainly to say a word. But I also sprang up from my seat, and made as though I would salvance to him.

What I intended to do, I did not know; perhaps to wrest the tiller from him, to turn the boat right round, and once more make for shore. But before I could reach him, some power—what, I know not—he could not have done it, at least I thought so—struck me down upon one of the seats, where I remained, as though fastened to it—as though insensible, unable to stir a limb for a long time—how long I never knew.

Suppose the would restore the would present a presence are would restore the sact of health.

(Signed) 'Victor Lambert, M. D.' is said to you at first, and I do not shrink from repeating it, (for I can now make the avowal without shame.) that mad the flinty heart of the demon of avariee. The physical salvation is an at least I thought so—struck me down to according to the proposal from the manager required an immediate answer.

My journey was one long sum in addition. I noted down to according by expenses—I estimated to very hour of my time—I long I never knew.

But when I came to myself again, and looked up at him, I saw that he was once more in the stern-sheets of the boat, and seated as at first. The moon still shone brightly down upon us—the gale still blew; it was a fearful wind, and the boat was strained, and leaking in many parts, and the sea was constantly dashing over us. Still he sat steadily there, and steered her on toward the Goodwin sands.

"Years before the period in question, I had

This letter was short but not sweet.

"This letter was short but not sweet."

I dared not stirymy blood seemed all curided in any veins; and still the best rushed on. The moon was shining high in heaven, and the tempest of wind still raced below. The was a tested by the moon was shining high in heaven, and the tempest of wind still raced below. The was allashed into higher and higher waves, rose in masses under our very feet; and who was extremely proud; and she was besides, virtuous, resolute, and especially, headstrong, in masses under our very feet; and who was a care was allowed by a single at the world of the full of the full blast, to sink once more, and raise and sink again.

But suddenly, as we resched the summit of a great wave. I looked out seaward, and saw she Goodwin beacon-light close by. The full horror of any situation rushed upan me. It was his revenge—the dead was falliling the last wish of the disappointed man. We should at all events perish together, and if Lucy was to live happily, it was not to be any more with me.

Still we swept onward, ever onward, and the calm moon looked mon us while we rushed toward destruction. Best suction!—was there one means of except left; then? Must I die! Mina of an angel. Notwithstanding all fine to with a wild seream I three off the mind.

Still we swept onward, ever onward, and the calm moon looked mon us while we rushed toward destruction. Best suction!—was there one means of except left; then? Must I die! Mina of an angel. Notwithstanding all fine to with a wild seream I three off the mind.

Still we swept onward, so we may do an any more with the resignation of an angel. Notwithstanding all fine to live high the proposition of the calm moon looked mon us while we rushed toward destruction. Best suction!—was there are monster, Death? Wes there no way and any side of the calm moon looked constant in the without supports, without supp glassy eyes.—Dead!

I dared not stir; my blood seemed all curlded "My sister-in-law was a native of Norman.

first disease to be outed, and to this end he had contributed his small, but insufficient aid, for he was nearly as poor as his patient. The physicians of the poor possess every ta-ent but that of getting paid for their servi-

A Cathrene Chambers

"It was this excellent man who took upo himself the tack of writing to me; and, an insect the task of writing to me; and, on my arrival at Marseilles he was waiting for me in the coach-office yard. As I had not replied to his letter, he had presumed, in the simplicity of his heart, that I would of course come. Generous hearts are always thus influenced; they judge from themselves and believe in goodness. He hastened to meet me against

me, saying:

"You have lost no time, my dear sir; you foresaw that delay would be equivalent to a sentence of death. God will reward you for the good act."

"This unmerited praise was bitter, but I had not the magnanimity to say it was undeserved —and what man ever refused to be flattered? What ass but would pass for a lion?

"My first visit, which I had determined should be to the manager of the theatre, was made to my sister-in-law. I found her in the miscrable garret of a dilapidated house, situated in a narrow street, with not even a ray of ated in a narrow street, with not even a ray of sunshine to cheer her lonely hours. Near the bed, with its scenty covering, was a little girl—ashe had large and lustrous-eyes, arched cycbrows already finely formed; her hair, profuse and in careless ringlets, so beautiful in childbood, encircled regular features, full of intelligence, and stamped with that serious resignation which early suffering gives to the countenance. Oh! how sweet was that child even then, and how eloquently her thin, pale cheek, plead for her! I gazed upon her silence —I began to feel that there is in childhood an irresistible attraction, a fascination, which we feel and acknowledge, although our hearts may have been for a life-time closed to every benehave been for a life-time closed to every benevoient or tender emotion. I longed to clasp
the dear child in my arms, but sordid avariec
whispered, if you suffer your heart to be touched with pits you are tost. I felt that I should
incur obligations which during my whole life
I had studied to avoid. I should be compelled to relieve effectually the accusing misery
which surrounded me. Like one who sees an
abyss at his feet, I recoiled at the thought.—
The benevolent physician could not comprewhether in the stern or close beside me. did not know what tackle he had for steering; he might be at my side.

I strained my eyes to see the lights ashore; they were dim, and very distant now! The North Foreland Light itself was a long way off, and one of the Goodwin beacons seemed off, and one of the Goodwin beacons seemed very near; and the wind rose ever stronger and the boat still flew, over the sea; and still no sounds, were to be heard but these of the waves as they bust against the prow.

"Confound it!" I cried out at last, 'this passes a joke, Henry. You are going out too far. I must get back to Lucy— "I must get back to Lucy— and the boat shook and trembled all ower with the shock, and falling off, sprang for your distribution.—but the boat shook and trembled all ower with the shock, and falling off, sprang for ward again at a frightful speed.

The cloud was broken ap—broken and whirled all ower with the shock, and falling speed.

The cloud was broken up—broken and whirled and waves, as they fought and atruggled with the wind.

I turned and looked in my companion's face. It was that of Alpraxo Wargas.

Instantly that he saw he was known, he sprang up, his hidoous face was the saw he was known, he sprang up, his hidoous face was reported to the rudder firmly with one hand, he pointed with the other to the beat he tiller of the rudder firmly with one hand, he pointed with the other to the beat he tiller of the rudder firmly with one hand, he pointed with the other to the beat he tiller of the rudder firmly with one hand, he pointed with the other to the beat he tiller of the rudder firmly with one hand, he pointed with the other to the beat he tiller of the rudder firmly with one hand, he pointed with the other to the beat he tiller of the rudder firmly with one hand, he pointed with the other to the beat he was known, he sprang up, his hidoous face was known, he sprang up, his hidoous face was the case of the with the sole, he had to the containing with the sole, he had to the containing with the sole

commanded but she did not dure to command, and it was a painful task to ask aid and protection from the only person in the whole world she had despised. She did not, therefore, descend to solicitation, but trembling with emotion she pointed with her attenuated finger to her child, saying, in heart-breaking tones, "My poor child will soon be mother-less." This simple but powerful apppeal to the child will soon to worker we studied. least" This simple but powerful apppeal to my compassion did not conquer my stubborn heart. I carefully avoided looking at the child, for fear of releating, and said, as coolly my I could, "Why do you forbode such melancholy forebodings? You are still young, and in the care of a skillful physician—we ought never to despair." Any other human being would have said, "Your brother is here; he has come to wipe away your tears, and to make you forget his former junworthiness; rely upon him, for he will be a father to your child "—but I said no such thing—I had but one wish, fo fly. Oh! worship of the golden calf, how flinty-hearted, how infamous it makes us!—While thus undecided in what manner to effect the shameful retreat I meditated, the sweet the shameful retreat I meditated, the sweet child, who had steadily fixed her eyes upon my iron countenance, and appeared more surprised than abashed, coming close to me, took hold of my hand, pointed to the foot of her mother's hed, and, in the most touching ac-cent, said:

"Sit down there, you are so tall I can" "Sit down there, you are so tall I can't kiss you, if you don't take me in your lap."
"I sat down, and she climbed up to a seat upon my knees. The mother seeing this, clasped her hands and raised her eyes to Heaven as if in prayer. For myself I felt that the decisive moment had arrived, and I cased my heart in triple steel. "What is this woman and what is this child to me?" thought I—I am under no premise to support them—they have no legal claim upon me---they caunot oblige me to feed them----my riches, so long and so patiently toiled for, are mine, yes, mine alone----the future is dark and uncertain; to alone...the future is dark and uncertain; to give away a part even, would be foolish and imprudent." In short, I gave myself all the excellant reasons which the love of hoarding can bring so triumphantly into the field of argument. My resolution once taken, I resolved to be firm, and calling to my aid a savage scowl, I looked steadfastly in the face of the child. She, too, looked in my face steadily and boldly, and appeared considering in what way she could break through the key rampart behind which I was cutte ached. At length, throwing her little arm aroung my neck, she said in her childish manner.

"Will you be my papa? Oh! I will love you so. You look just sike my dear papa, sometimes he looked cross too; but he was so good;

longer reasoned, I felt, and giving way to the happiness of being guided by the heart alone. I placed my hand upon the shild's head, and in a fervid and solemn tone, exclaimed, "I call Heaven to witness, that here, in thy mother's presence, I do swear to be to thee as a father! and never daughter was more tenderly loved, then I will love thee, my child?" Ah! I could wish you had seen the mother when she heard wish you had seen the mother when she heard these words. Here eyes appeared to gleam with light, her features were radiant with joy, her breast heaved convulsively, and she tried to speak, but there was no sound, not a word could she utter. The physician was alarmed, and we feared she would actually die of joy. But joy seldom kills—she soon breathed more freely, and tears came to her aid. "Brother," said she "I have wronged you," she added much more which I would not hear. I believe (Reaven pardon me,) she would have asked foreiveness for my brutality towards her—it Heaven pardon me,) she would have asked forgiveness for my brutality towards her—it would have overwhedmed me with remorse.—I interrupted her thanks by saying that in her feeble state, she ought to avoid the exertion of talking. The physician, who was of my opinion, enjoined silence and quiet, and after giving some directions, was about to take leave of his patient, when I called him aside, and funding him my mysa degred him to take handing him my purse, desired him to take the necessary measures for her immediate re-moval. I knew no person in Marseilles, and moral, I knew no person in Marseilles, and the worthy man took upon himself the task of finding a suitable residence. Though, said he, 'I fear she will not need it long.' 'If but for a day,' said I, 'it will be one day snatched from years of misery,' That very evening everything was accomplished, and the next day found us in the occupancy of a small house, beautifully situated in the midst of trees and flowers, and near the sea shore.

"There, during three midsts, I clume to the

"There, during three minths, I clung to the hope thatmy sister-in-law might regain her health, and for a time I had good reason to inheatth, and for a time I and good reason to in-dulge in the expectation. She was ever calm and tranquil; she would smile sweetly as I would forget my fifty years, my grey hairs, and become a child again, to please the being I had sworn to love and cherish, but alas! my hope was not to be realized—her struggle with neverty and discuss had been of too lave dura. poverty and disease had been of too long dura-tion; the sources of life were exhausted, and medical science, with the tenderest care could not avail. She well know that her life was drawing to its close, and she contemplated the

melaucholy certainty with boly resignation. If the rarely pulse of his appropriate distance of the supposed in "That cools the twilight of the sultry air,"

came gently into the room. Scated between her dear child and myself, she seemed to en-jay the freshness of the breeze, when her hand convalsively grasped mine, and I turned quickly towards her. Her face was white as marble. Looking first at the child and then at me, with calm security in her counte-nance, she said, 'Your kindness, dear brother, has made the close of my life happy. I die without a pang, for you will love my child.' She ceased speaking, and soon was no more. Shall I avow it? Her death to me had noth-ing of the terrible—of the appalling? In her ing of the terrible—of the appalling? In her last words, in her calm screnity, in the ray of hope brightening her features as she passed away, there was a mysterious, an useen power, which seemed to say, I go to a better world,—it was not the eternal sleep succeeding life's fulful fever, but the dawning of a joyful day.

"From that hour my brother's child has been mine our love and sorrows are inter-

been mine, our joys and sorrows are inter-mingled, and to her happiness I have devoted my life. Her beauty and loveliness have increased from year to year. The joyous smile and the words of sweet welcome which ever swait my return to my once lonely dwelling, are now more dear to me than all the world

beside.

"Like the dew-drop which falls upon the bud and expands the flower, that precious rnan has opened my heart to claims of kindred, and of man upon his fellow-man; and the flinty-hearted and grasping miser of former days is no longer the degraded being who would have bartered his very soul for a bag of gold."

A Happy Retort .- An instance of Irish

A Happy Mctort.—An instance of Irish readines at repartce occurred the other day at the Capitol, which is too good to be lost.

Certain members of Congress, finding the debates rather dry in the House, stepped out to refresh their thirsty spirits at Casarish's refectory, which is conveniently contiguous. As they passed out, they saw some eight or nine laborers, harnessed to a sled, hauling a stone about heavy enough for one horse, while one acting as driver, leisurely walked along side.

(All the laborers are on a per diem allowance, as well as the members.)

Pausing to witness this operation—which seemed to present a parallel to their own arduous labors in the public service—one of the members addressing "the driver," said—"Well, friends, you are making yourselves.

**Yes,' was the prompt rejoinder, and by the powers its a mighty sight better than making uses of ourselves, as some of you are doing up there.'

The provailing report is, that the conversa-

the provaining report is, that the conversa-tion abruptly closed, and every man of that party patronized Casparis to the extent of two juleps instead of one.—Southern Press.— A reclose divise out south, who had no-ticed with pain the continual absence from church of a gentleman, for many years a con-

stant worshipper, met his negro servant, and inquired why his master no longer attended divine service.

divine service.

"De fac is, massa's been very bad, sah, and I we fraid he's gitin' was."

"Is it possible?" said the minister in alarm, "can it be possible he has thrown aside the light of christianity, and become a flounderer

in the dark, cheerless bogs of socialism?"

"No, sah, wus an 'dat," replied the black, with a mournful shake of the head.

"I was ever afraid," said the venerated gentleman, sadly, "his classic fore would too devotedly incline him to heathen mythology; he may, perchauce, have become afflicted with the mental delusion of panthaism."

"Wasser still," muttered the black, doggedly.

wasser still, inuttered the black, dog-godly.

"Alas." grouned the preacher, "then he has become lost in the dark abyse of atheism!"

"No, sah, athyram isn't a circumstance—he's got de raemosticen!"

Edwin Forrest, Etc., the tragedian, was exalted to the degree of Royal-Arch Mason has week, in Metropolitan Chapter, No. 140, of New York.